To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.
*Por.* It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a Decree eſtabliſhed:
Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an errour by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate, it cannot be.
*Shy.* A *Daniel* come to iudgement: yea a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young Iudge, how I do honour thee.
*Por.* I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
*Shy.* Heere tis moſt reuerend Doctor, here it is.
*Por.* *Shylocke*, ther's thrice thy money offred thee.
*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
Shall I lay periury vpon my ſoule?
No, not for Venice.
*Por.* Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the *Iew* may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neereſt the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
*Shy.* When it is paid, according to the tenour.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge,
You know the Law, your expoſition
Hath bene moſt ſound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deſeruing Pillar,
Proceed to iudgement: by my ſoule I ſweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I ſtay heere on my bond.
*Ant.* Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
*Por.* Why then thus it is,
You muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
*Shy.* O noble iudge, O excellent young man.
*Por.* For the intent and purpoſe of the Law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

*Shy.*



*Shy.* Tis very true: O wiſe a
How much more elder art tho
*Por.* Therefore lay bare you
*Shy.* I, his breaſt,
So ſayes the bond, doth it not
Neereſt his heart, thoſe are the
*Por.* It is ſo, are there ballan
*Shy.* I haue them ready.
*Por.* Haue by ſome Surgeon
To ſtop his wounds, leaſt he d
*Shy.* Is it ſo nominated in th
*Por.* It is not ſo expreſt, but
Twere good you do ſo much f
*Shy.* I cannot finde it, tis not
*Por.* You Merchant, haue yo
*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd
Giue me your hand *Baſſanio*, fa
Greeue not that I am falne to
For heerein Fortune ſhewes h
Then is her cuſtome: it is ſtill
To let the wretched man out-
To view with hollow eye and
An age of pouerty: from whi
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut m
Commend me to your honour
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anth*
Say how I lou'd you, ſpeake
And when the tale is told, bid
Whether *Baſſanio* had not on
Repent but you that you ſhall
And he repents not that he p
For if the *Iew* do cut but deep
Ile pay it preſently with all m
*Baſſ.* *Anthonio*, I am marrie
Which is as deare to me as lif
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and a